

one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the De-greets prevent my curses. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this Consumption of the purse. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to old Mistris Ursula, whom I haue weekly sworne to marry, since I percei'd the first white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Pension shall seeme the more reasonable. A good wit will make vse of any thing: I will turne diseales to commodity.

Exeunt

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbishop, Hastings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our causes, & kno our Means:

And my most noble Friends, I pray you all

Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,

And first (Lord Marshall) what say you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occasion of our Armes,

But gladly would be better satisfied,

How (in our Meanes) we should aduance our selues

To looke with forehead bold and big enough

Vpon the Power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present Musters grow vpon the File

To fure and twenty thousand men of choice:

And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose botome burnes

With an incensed Fire of Injuries.

L. Bar. The question then (Lord Hastings) standeth thus

Whether our present fure and twenty thousand

May hold vp-head, without Northumberland:

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bar. I marry, there's the point:

But if without him we be thought to feeble,

My iudgement is, we should not step too farre

Till we had his Assistance by the hand.

For in a Thame so bloody fac'd, as this,

Coniecture, Expectation, and Surmise

Of Aydes incertaine, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord Bardolfe, for indeed

It was yong Hotspur's case, at Shrewsbury.

L. Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himself with hope,

Eating the ayre, on promise of Supply,

Flatt'ring himselfe with Proiect of a power,

Much smaller, then the smallest of his Thoughts,

And so with great imagination

(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,

And (winking) leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But (by your leave) it neuer yet did hurt

To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L. Bar. Yes, if this present quality of warre

Indeed the instant action; a cause on foot,

Liues so in hope: As in an early Spring,

We see th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,

Hope giues not so much warrant, as Dispaire

That Frosts will bite them. When we meane to build,

We first survey the Plot, then draw the Modell,

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at least, desist

To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almost) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And set another vp) should we suruey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Consent vpon a sure Foundation:

Question Surueyors, know our owne estate,

How able such a Worke to vndergo,

To weigh against his Opposite? Or else,

We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,

Vsing the Names of men, instead of men:

Like one, that drawes the Modell of a house

Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)

Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Cost

A naked subiect to the Weeping Clouds,

And waste, for churlish Winters tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)

Should be still borne, and that we now possist

The vtmost man of expectation:

I thinke we are a Body strong enough

(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L. Bar. What is the King but fure & twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more: nay not so much Lord Bardolfe,

For his diuisions (as the Times do braul)

Are in three Heads: one Power against the French,

And one against Glendower: Perforce a third

Must take vp vs: So is the vnfirm King

In three diuided: and his Coffers sound

With hollow Poverty, and Emptiness.

Ar. That he should draw his feuerall strengths together

And come against vs in full puissance

Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,

He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch

Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L. Bar. Who is it like should lead his Forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmerland;

Against the Welch himselfe, and Harrie Monmouth.

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,

I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:

And publish the occasion of our Armes.

The Common-wealth is sicke of their owne Choice,

Their ouer-greedy loue hath surfett'd:

An habitation giddy, and vnure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heare.

O thou fond Many, with what loud applause

Didst thou beate heauen with blessing Bulkingbrooke,

Before he was, what thou wouldst haue him be?

And being now trimm'd in thine owne desires,

Thou (beastly Feeder) art so full of him,

That thou prouok'st thy selfe to cast him vp.

So, so, (thou common Dogge) didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton-bosome of the Royall Richard,

And now thou wouldst eate thy dead vomit vp,

And howl'st to finde it. What trust is in these Times?

They, that when Richard liu'd, would haue him dye,

Are now become enamour'd on his graue.

Thou that threw'st dust vpon his goodly head

When through proud London he came fighting on,

After th'admired heeles of Bulkingbrooke,

Cri'st now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King againe,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
Past, and to Come, seemes best; things Present worst.
Now. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hostesse, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hostesse. Mr. Fang, haue you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hostesse. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman?

Will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, wher's Snare?

Hostesse. I, I, good M. Snare..

Snare. Heere, heere.

Fang. Snare, we must Arrest Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Hostesse. I good M. Snare, I haue enter'd him, and all.

Sn. It may chance cost some of vs our liues: he will stab.

Hostesse. Alas the day: take heed of him: he stabd me

in mine owne house, and that most beastly: he cares not

what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will

foyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman,

nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hostesse. No, nor I neither: Ile beat your elbow.

Fang. If I but fist him once: if he come but within my

Vice.

Hostesse. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an

insatiatue thing vpon my score. Good M. Fang hold him

sure: good M. Snare let him not scape, he comes continu-

antly to Py-Corner (saiuing your manhoods) to buy a sad-

dle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in

Lombardstreet, to M. Smoother the Silkman. I pra'ye, since

my Exion is enter'd, and my Case so openly known to the

world, let him be brought in to his answer: A 100. Marke

is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue

borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin sub'd off, and

sub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to

be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, viles

a woman should be made an Ass and a Beast, to beare e-

uery Knaues wrong.

Enter Falstaffe and Bardolfe.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmesey-Nose Bar-

dolfe with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. Fang,

& M. Snare, do me, do me, do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whose Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir Iohn, I arrest you, at the suit of Mistr. Quickly.

Fal. Away Varlets, draw Bardolfe: Cut me off the

Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channell.

Hostesse. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there:

Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue. Murder, mur-

der, O thou Hony-suckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods of-

ficers, and the Kings? O thou hony-seed Rogue, thou art

a hony-seed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolfe. Fang. A rescue, a rescue.

Hostesse. Good people bring a rescue. Thou wilt not? thou

wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempseed.

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fustil-

irian: Ile tucke your Catastrophe. Enter Ch. Iustice.

Iust. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, ho.

Hostesse. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beseech you

stand to me.

Ch. Iust. How now Sir Iohn? What are you brauling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should haue bene well on your way to Yorke.

Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'st vpon him?

Hostesse. Oh my most worshipfull Lord, and't please your
Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eastcheap, and he is arre-
sted at my suit. Ch. Iust. For what summe?

Hostesse. It is more then for some (my Lord) it is for all: all
I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home; hee hath
put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will
haue some of it out againe, or I will ride thee o' Nights,
like the Mare.

Fal. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue
any vantage of ground, to get vp.

Ch. Iust. How comes this, Sir Iohn? Fy, what a man of
good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?
Are you not asham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to so
rough a course, to come by her owne?

Fal. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Hostesse. Marry (if thou wert an honest man) thy selfe, &

the money too. Thou didst sweare to mee vpon a parcell

gilt Goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round

table, by a sea-cole fire, on Wednesday in Whitson week,

when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a sin-

ging man of Windfor; Thou didst sweare to mee then (as I

was washing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my

Lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech

the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me gossip Quick-

ly? comming in to borrow a messe of Vinegar: telling vs,

she had a good dish of Prawnes: whereby I didst desire to

eat some: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene

wound? And didst not thou (when she was gone downe

staires) desire me to be no more familiar with such poore

people, saying, that ere long they should call me Madam?

And didst thou not kisse me, and bid mee fetch thee 30 s? I

put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canst?

Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad foule: and she sayes

vp & downe the town, that her eldest son is like you. She

hath bin in good case, & the truth is, pouerty hath distra-

cted her: but for these foolish Officers, I beseech you, I

may haue redresse against them.

Iust. Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, I am well acquainted with your

maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way. It is not

a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come

with such (more then impudent) sawcines from you: can

thrust me from a leuell consideration, I know you ha' pra-

ctis'd vpon the easie-yielding spirit of this woman.

Hostesse. Yes in troth my Lord.

Iust. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and

vpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do

with sterling money, & the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this sneape without

reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcinesse:

If a man wil curt'sie, and say nothing, he is vertuous: No,

my Lord (your humble duty remebred) I will not be your

futor. I say to you, I desire deliur'ance from these Officers

being vpon hasty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Iust. You speake, as hauing power to do wrong: But

answer in the effect of your Reputation, and satisfie the

poore woman.

Fal. Come hither Hostesse. Enter M. Gower

Ch. Iust. Now Master Gower; What newes?

Gow. The King (my Lord) and Henrie Prince of Wales

Are neere at hand: The rest the Paper telles.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman.

Hostesse. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman, Come, no more words of it

Hostesse. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I must be

faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapistry of my dy-

ning Chambers.